

Good News in Bad Times;

O R,

Abfaloms Return to David's Bosome.

To the Tune of, *Adieu to the pleasures and Folkes of Love.*

A Dieu to the hopes of the *Whigs* of the State,
The long-wil'd-for News is arrived, tho' late;
Reflections of Conscience did *Monmouth* convince,
How much he had wrong'd his dear Father, and Prince;
So banious a Crime there's none durst befriend,
But only the Monarch which he did offend;
Great *YORK* interceeds for him,
And Nature Pleads for him,
to Kifs the Hand of his Monarch again.

II.

So humble a Submission; so pensive a Face,
So glorious an Advocate needs must find grace;
The God-like great Brothers did *Monmouth* restore,
The height of whose Crime shew'd their *mercy* the more:
As before in the Court all together they shin'd,
In the Presence again they will strike envy blind;
For *York* has retrieved him,
The King received him,
Monarchs have mercy, and Nature is kind.

III.

The Peace you have made so successful will prove;
No *Seperatist* dares to add Gall to your Dove;
Be deaf to those *Crocodiles* if they do Whine,
They love not your Father, nor none of his Line;
A *Presbyter*-Priest when his Zeal does provoke,
Is a heap of Combustables in a long Cloak:
Who e're Burn'd the City down,
Now 'tis a pritty Town,
But they once made the three Nations to Smoak.

IV.

Away to the Court and Survey e'ry Room,
Your presencé will bring there a richer Perfume:
Each Picture will bow there, and smile in your face,
And those that detracted will pray for your Grace;
Then keep in the Court, and your favour renew
With *Cesar*, and those that have lov'd you so true:

And let the Rabble know,
You'l have no more to do
With such a Factious Illiterate Crew.

V.

The Faction who carrys Religion in's face, (Grace;
Will make no more *Treats*, nor drink healths to your
For since you'r returned to Great *Cesars* Breast,
They swear you'r a *Papist* as well as the rest;
And now they remember their Machine of State
Was afraid that your Father and you were too great:
And nothing troubles them,
But that you Bubbled them,
Of all their hopes, and of many a Treat.

VI.

Keep close to your Gracious forgiving Great King,
And every day some new Offering bring;
Discover *Great-Brittain's* Intestine Foes,
And those that the Church and her Interest oppose;
By this you'l deserve the great favour obtain'd,
And wipe off that Blemish with which you were stain'd
And like a Glorious Star,
Of our bright Hemisphere,
One of her Patrons for ever proclaim'd.

VII.

Then blest the good Duke, and your Father renown,
But hate those that put you in thoughts of a Crown;
Live under its beams, for the shelter is good,
But think not to injure the old Royal Blood:
Who Heaven has adopted for a Crowned Head,
Must wait for the hour of the Field or the Bed;
And there in Honours fight,
Take naught but what is right,
Wronging Succession is wronging the dead!

F I N I S.